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Slender: The Arrival: The Triforce Team Arises



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Chapter 1 by Dovalord

Pewdiepie awoke with a start. His head was leaning on the wheel of his car, blood coming out a wound in his head. Markiplier sat in the passenger seat, also unconscious. His glasses were broken at the bridge, and his nose was bleeding slowly. Tobuscus sat in the back seat, his curly black hair matted down with blood. He stirred, and looked around slowly. He blinked. He groaned and looked up. He saw Pewdiepie's face, and became very confused.

"How did I get here?" Tobuscus asked.

"I don't know, bro." Pewdie answered. Markiplier began to move. His world was a blur, but he knew he wasn't in his living room. Warm blood pooled on his shirt.

"Who's there?" He asked.

"Bro, it's me, Pewds, and Tobuscus." Pewdie answered.

"The hell am I doing here?" He asked.

"No clue man, and if we did, we'd have told you!" Tobuscus said, trying to look out the heavily smashed window. He opened the door, and saw a "Land for sale" sign.

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"Oh, shit!"

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"I think I have a spare around here, Mark," Pewdie said, looking for glasses. "Ah! There they are!"

"Thanks." Markiplier answered.

"Guys, we've got bigger problems than broken glasses." Tobuscus said.

"Like the fact that Pewdie crashed his car?" Markiplier said.

"Don't look at me, I don't drive a Volvo." Pewdie protested.

"Guys, just-just get out of the car." Tobuscus said, his voice faltering. Pewdie and Mark got out of the car, and stopped in their tracks.

"Well, this is fucktacular." Mark said. They didn't know it until now that they were in Slender The Arrival.

Chapter 2 by Dovalord



"How did we get here?" Mark asked.

"I don't know." Tobuscus said.

"We shouldn't be here." Pewdie said.

"I know." Tobuscus answered.

"Then why are we?" Markiplier demanded.

"I would tell you if I knew." Tobuscus said.

"What should we do? I mean, if we stay here, nothing will happen," Pewdie said.

"And if we don't move we'll never found out how to get out." Tobuscus answered.

"Or how we got here." Markiplier added.

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"Well, if we get out of this alive, I'm never playing this game again." Markiplier said.

"That's a bit of a stretch, don't you think?" Tobuscus asked.

"You're right. I like this game too much to ignore it." The three began to cautiously wander the house. Markiplier found a trio of flashlights, and they divvied it up between themselves.

"Alright, bros let's do this!" Pewdie said.

"Dude, you're too happy. By the rules of horror movie or any genre, you will die first." Tobuscus said.

"Pshh! What kinda rule is that?" Pewdie retorted.

"Dude, everyone knows that's a rule for any horror genre." Markiplier said.

"Fine. I say we split up and cover more ground that way." Pewdie said.

"Alright, I'm ok with that." Tobuscus said.

"Same here." Markiplier answered.

Chapter 3 by



Just then another car crashed next to them. "OH SHIT" Pewdie screamed. A person was flung out from the car. "Umm... guys who's that...?" Asked Markiplier. "OMG IT'S JAKE PAUL!!!!" Tobuscus yelled. "What's going on...?" Jake asked. "We don't know bro." Said Pewdie. "I was blogging with one of my Jake Paulers, Claire Wyatt!"

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